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ODDITIES IN COSTUME.

WHILE the variableness of fashion has become absolutely proverbial, it is curious to observe how perennial some little odds and ends of costume contrive to be, in connection with particular customs, and certain orders of the community. However expressly, for instance, a play may refer to transactions and characters of the present day, we invariably find that only the hero, heroine, and other juvenile personages, conform to the reigning modes. The old gentlemen, if there be any, are always in wide-skirted and deep-cuffed coats, periwigs, and rolled hose, and the old ladies, especially if they belong to the class of old maids, in hoops, pinners, and high-heeled shoes. It is certainly somewhat startling to find a medley of characters from the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries presented, as a fair specimen of society, in a mirror which pretends to be so true—a bean in the fashion of the latest of Merchant's tailoring prints, perhaps threatened with disinheritation by a gentleman who seems to have walked out of one of the "embellishments" of the old copies of the Spectator, or a miss in the style of Almack's, snubbed by an aunt who looks as if she might recollect the court of William and Mary. But old gentlemen and ladies like those of the real world would not tell upon the stage. An old-fashioned costume is at once necessary, we presume, to denote the advanced years of the wearer—on the principle of the inscription below the boy's drawing of a horse—and to aid that burlesque effect which the comic muse seems obliged to throw over age, in order to render it an endurable subject of theatrical representation.

There is also a traditionary costume of the stable-yard, which seems equally certain of maintaining its existence. In prints about a hundred and fifty years old, you see men airing and watering horses, by way of enlivening the landscape, who wear exactly the same long-bodied jerkins which may yet daily be observed in any meuse lane you happen to enter. The people of those regions also adhere most scrupulously to that species of the unnamed garment which is buttoned at the knee; said buttons being invariably turned round to the front, as being there most liable to be seen—for Jack Hostler is a good deal of a buck, and does not choose to hide the lantern in the corn chest. There is furthermore a looseness of gaiter about him, and a determination towards striped vests, that are equally peculiar. In all these matters he evidently acts upon some inherent impulse—some instinct—something deep in the recesses of his nature. The whole race display a longitude of body and a brevity of limb, as marked, and as regular, as the same peculiarities in certain orders of turnspits. Indeed, we begin to doubt the truth of the Irishman's proposition, heretofore supposed undeniable, that for one to be born in a stable does not constitute him a horse—for nothing seems more clear than that to live long in a stableyard does produce an alteration in the proportions and outline of the human figure. View the veriest imp that ever combed a mane or held a bridle—a creature who as yet is only lisping his first lessons in that fussy whistle which may be called another legendary accompaniment of the exercise of the curricomb. You may detect an incipient elongation of body and shortening of leg going on in his Flibbertigibbet-like person. The idiosyncrasy of the lane is already upon him. If he has a button at all, it shines prominently on the patilla. When he casts his coat, you see a length of back that astonishes you in one so young. And as he rolls along, does he not knock his knees and turn in his toes with the best of them.

The costume connected with matters funereal seems

also to have a tendency to keep up many old fashions. There is in Scotland a tribe of little withered old men, or MENNIE, as the native phrase is, who hire themselves to form a procession in front of the more dignified kind of funerals, and in dress and figure are altogether unlike any other class of mortals. They wear small black velvet caps, shaped like those of jockies, old emaciated George-the-Second coats, and black worsted stockings, thrust into buckled shoes. Their faces have a mortified and miserable look, as if they had mimicked away every particle of natural joy from their compositions, and had nothing but the *caput mortuum* left behind. Withal they have an other-world sort of complexion, apparently put on as part of their costume, and for which they no doubt make a charge. Contemplate them in rear, and with the wide square black skirts cutting the thin well-defined legs at right angles, you might imagine them a parcel of old-fashioned gravestones mounted on balusters, which had been sent out on a commission to bring home the new denizen of the tomb. These persons are certainly a distinct sept of the human race, born generation after generation for this profession and no other, and incapable of being intruded upon in their own peculiar walk, as it would be quite impossible for any ordinary citizen of the world to put on the required face, not to speak of legs. In this respect, they are as secure in the enjoyment of their privileges as any incorporation, or as a bill-sticker was on one occasion, who, on hearing that he was about to have some rivals in trade, treated the intelligence with the most lofty contempt—"Sir," said he, "they have not the machinery." In so far as the new billstickers could not compete for want of a certain number of cross-beamed poles and brushes, so could not any ordinary men rival the *menie*, for want of the necessary mortification of aspect. Our Scotch funeral-attendants, be it remarked, are not liable to the complaint which Sable makes in the farce of the Funeral, to the effect that, the more money he gave his men, the merrier they looked. The aspect is too fixed, is too indigenous and instinctive, to be changed for any reason whatever. Sable, we are confident, might have tried any extent of bribery with them, and still they would have been staunch. They might be legatees of the deceased—they might be anything—but nature would surmount every temptation. Not a peg of their sorrow-screwed visages would they let down—at least till their duty had been fairly performed. As for the *menie* in their other moments, my imagination is quite at fault: there may be such a thing as smiling among them; but I would rather suppose not. I am more inclined to suppose, since they are never seen but in their professional capacity, that they have no other than a professional existence—that, after their duty is done on any occasion, they exhale into nothingness, till called again into existence by the voice of the undertaker. They very kindly spare mankind the distress of looking upon them oftener than is barely necessary.

The court and some of the public institutions are the means of keeping up many old fashions which otherwise must have long since been forgotten. So identified is the formal dress of the eighteenth century with the idea of royal state, that it seems very unlikely that the one will be ever given up without the other. Hoops, I understand, are remitted: George IV. was induced, with great reluctance, to consent to their being abolished. But the bag and sword, and the woolly wig of the king's coachman, will flourish for ever. The officers of parliament also retain their old court dresses, and I must own that

the acts of this celebrated body would seem to me to want much of their far-famed force, if the sergeants-at-arms were to lay by their buckles. No odd dresses, it is true, are to be seen in attendance upon any of the courts or assemblies of France or America; but, after all, buckles and acts of parliament are more homogeneous than many people may suppose. Talking of dresses in America, does it not seem an absurd incongruity, when, in turning up the history of the war of independence, we see Washington, Lee, and Montgomery, depicted with exactly the same formal gentlemanlike military coats and powdered wigs, as those worn by Generals Howe and Gage, and other defenders of the sway of the British monarchy? It may be all very true that the colonists were English gentlemen, or the descendants of such, and that, from the intercourse which existed between Britain and America before the war, the fashions of the one country must have been regularly followed in the other. But the incongruity lies between hair-powder and republicanism. One cannot help thinking that dressed hair should have been one of the things repudiated in the declaration of independence. Pomatum and loyalty ought to have been abjured together. The French acted much more appropriately in their revolution, when, under the influence of the new political philosophy, it was thought necessary that the tresses of mankind should be left in their native luxuriance, and a republic of legs was introduced by means of pantaloons. This last improvement, it may be remarked, spread to England even during a time of war. An equality of ranks by no means suited our old-fashioned prejudices; but an equality of ankles was too agreeable to the majority to be resisted. True, a few old gentlemen still, like our friend Foggo (see article "The Meadow Walks"), reject the heresy, as they consider it, of trousers, and scrupulously maintain the femoral vestment and silk stockings, with all other establishments in church and state. These, however, must be held as only a small and worn-out party of super-ultra Tories, rather vain of their pins. True freedom, it must be allowed by every reflecting person, is only to be found in the flowing drapery which reaches to the instep.

JUDICIAL TORTURE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN the opinion of Sir Edward Coke, torture for confession was held to be forbidden by that part of the Magna Charta which asserts that no freeman can be injured in his person in any way except by the legal judgment of his equals (a jury) or by the law of the land. Whether it was so or not, torture continued to be used in England for many centuries after the celebrated convention of Runnymede. During the reigns of the Tudors, in particular, it was often employed on very slight occasions. Bacon relates of Queen Elizabeth, that, when she could not be persuaded that a book was really written by the person whose name it bore, "she said with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author. I replied, 'Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person; rack his style: let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author.'" We are told by King James himself, in his account of the Gunpowder Conspiracy, that the rack was shown to Guy Fawkes on his examination; and that it was employed at a later period of his reign, is shown by a warrant of the Privy Council, dated in February 1619, and addressed to the Lieutenant of the

Tower, commanding that officer to examine Samuel Peacock, suspected of high treason, "and to put him, as there shall be cause, for the better manifestation of the truth, to the torture, either of the manacles or the rack." But in 1628, when a proposal was made to cause Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, to discover his accomplices, the judges declared, that, consistent with law, torture could not be used for that purpose; and it was never afterwards employed in England.

In Scotland, the extortion of confession by this abominable means was a regular portion of the judicial powers. In his work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie has a whole chapter *Of Torture*, showing that the Privy Council, or the supreme judges, could only use the rack; how those were punished who inflicted torture unjustly; and who were the persons that the law exempted; and he insists that all lawyers were of opinion, that, even after sentence, criminals might be tortured for the discovery of their accomplices. The same view is taken by Lord Stair, a lawyer of liberal politics. The most conspicuous instrument of torture used in Scotland was one called the boots, or, as it is usually spelled in old law books and warrants, the *butts*, which consisted of an oblong square box, firmly hooped with iron, and open at both ends, having loose plates in the inside, and which could be put upon the leg of the criminal or witness proposed to be examined. When the leg was insinuated into this instrument, wedges were put between the loose plates and the solid frame of the box, and while the executioner stood ready with a mallet in his hand, the judge repeated his hitherto unavailing question. At every refusal of the prisoner to confess, the mallet descended with force upon one of the wedges, so as to squeeze the limb; and this was sometimes done so frequently, that not only the blood would flow, but the very marrow be pressed from the bone. We read that, in 1596, the son and daughter of a woman accused of witchcraft were put to the torture to make her confess: the former suffered *fifty-seven* strokes of the hammer in the boots, the mother remaining obdurate all that time. The torture of the daughter, who was only seven years old, was by *pinnevents*; an instrument of which the exact nature is not now understood, though it may be safely supposed to have referred to the little fingers, as the word is still used in Scotland to describe that diminutive member. In the record of the same case, mention is made of *caspitars* or *caspicans*, and of *tosots*, as instruments of torture. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, witches were tortured in various ways, by judges, clergymen, and private individuals; but our remarks are for the present confined to the instruments used in the higher courts, and on the more solemn judicial occasions.

After the Restoration, when severe measures became necessary to support a government so opposed in every relation to the spirit of the Scottish people, the torture was used with a frequency unknown before, being applied in the examination of every prisoner who was suspected of possessing useful information. The gentle Hugh M'Kail, while under trial for having accompanied the Pentland insurgents as a clergyman, in 1666, was put into the boot, with the view of eliciting what he might know concerning a suspected plot. Eleven strokes were dealt to him, so as nearly to crush his limb to pieces, though the meek sufferer protested before God, that he could say no more than he had done, though all the joints in his body were in as great torture as his poor leg. After all this suffering he was condemned to death. The boots were used almost exclusively for such purposes till towards the close of the reign of Charles II., when a new and equally efficient instrument, which had the advantage of being less brutal in appearance, was introduced by General Dalrymple, who had seen it used in Russia, during the time when he was in the service of Alexis Michaelowitch.† It was called the *thumbikens*, and consisted of two pieces of iron, the upper of which could be pressed downwards upon the lower by means of a screw, so as to squeeze the thumbs of the prisoner.‡ The first person upon whom it was tried was one William Spence, a servant of the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, who had previously endured the boot, without making the desired confessions respecting the concern of his master in the Rye-house Plot. This poor man, being found peculiarly obstinate, is said to have been put into a hair shirt, pricked, and kept from sleep for nine nights—and all this under the domestic superintendence of a member of the Privy Council! Every other means having failed, the thumbikens were brought into play; his thumbs were crushed beneath the merciless instrument, and still he held out. It was only by the threat of a new application of the boot that he was finally brought to the terms of his inhuman persecutors. An act was at this time passed by the Privy Council, stating, that "whereas there is now a new invention and engine called the *thumbikens*, which will be very effectual to the purpose and intent foresaid [that is, to force the confession of particulars useful to the government], the lords do therefore ordain, that, when any person shall by their order be put to the torture, the boots and thumbikens both be applied to them, as it shall be found fit and convenient."

In giving an account of the efforts of the Earl of

Perth to recommend himself to the favour of the Duke of York, with the view of being made Chancellor of Scotland, Bishop Burnet gives some curious information respecting the use of the torture. "When any are to be struck in the boots," says he, "it is done in presence of the Council, and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be deserted. But the duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention, as if he had been looking on some curious experiment. This gave a terrible idea of him to all who observed it, as of a man that had no bowels or humanity in him. Lord Perth, observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to become an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots was, that, upon one witness and presumption together, the question might be given; but it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture beside the boots might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a man refuses to answer upon oath as he is required, give him the torture, and repeat it, and vary it, as often as they think fit, and do not give over till they have got out of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind to know from them. This Lord Perth now resolved to make his pattern," &c. The bishop then proceeds to describe the variety of tortures applied to Spence, as above related.

Another of the persons seized on suspicion of a concern in the Rye-house Plot, was the celebrated William Carstairs, subsequently Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and the depository of the confidence of King William III. respecting the government and crown patronage of Scotland. This young clergyman, being supposed to possess very valuable information, was brought before the Privy Council, on the 6th of September 1684, and asked by the Earl of Perth if he would answer upon oath such questions as should be put to him. He boldly answered, that, if any accusation were brought against himself, he would do his best to answer it, but he positively refused to say any thing respecting others. He was asked if he had any objections to be put to the torture! and replied that he could not but protest against a practice that was a reproach to human nature, and as such had been banished from the criminal courts of every free country. The executioner was then brought forward with the thumbikens, and the screw pressed so hard, that, according to Burnet, it could not be relaxed till the smith who had manufactured the instrument was brought with his tools to undo it! During this horrid interval, the face of the prisoner was suffused with perspiration, and the Earl of Queensberry and Duke of Hamilton, overcome by their feelings, rushed from the room. Perth, however, sat still, without betraying the least emotion. On the contrary, when Carstairs exclaimed that he believed the bones to be broken to pieces, his lordship told him he hoped to see every bone in his body broken to pieces, if he should continue obstinate. Having kept his victim under this terrible torture for an hour and a half, without producing any confession, the Chancellor ordered the boots to be applied; but owing to the inexperience of the executioner, he was balked in this design, and Mr Carstairs was finally remanded without further injury.

Under the threat of a renewal of his sufferings, and the assurance, ratified by a decree of court, that whatever he told should not be employed against any individual, this gentleman subsequently communicated a few particulars, by which he saved himself, but which were used, without scruple, as an *admirable proof* against the unfortunate Bailie of Jerviswood. Carstairs, however, received much approbation from his party for his general conduct throughout the whole of these trying circumstances. He possessed at this time some secrets of great importance, which had been entrusted to him by Fagel, the celebrated Dutch minister, and a divulgence of which would have not only saved him from every other question, but procured him some considerable benefits from the government. From his concealing these, Fagel, as he himself assured Burnet, saw how faithful Carstairs was, and this was the foundation of the extraordinary confidence afterwards reposed in him by William III., who made him virtually, if not nominally, the viceroy of Scotland.

It is worthy of remark, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs had come into high power, the Privy Council, then composed of different persons, presented to him the identical instrument by which he had been so severely tortured a few years before. It is related that, being one day at court, the king said to him, "I have heard, Principal, that you were tortured with something they call thumbikens; pray what sort of an instrument of torture is it?" "I will show it you," answered Carstairs, "the next time I have the honour to wait on your majesty." The Principal was as good as his word. "I must try them," said the king: "I must put in my thumbs here—now, Principal, turn the screw. Oh, not so gently—another turn—another—Stop! stop! no more—another turn, I am afraid, would make me confess any thing."

It is curious to know that the addition of the thumbikens to the torturing apparatus of the Privy Council gave a shock to public feeling, and would have fixed some opprobrium upon the members of that all-powerful body, if they had not contrived thereby to gain a few confessions—success thus covering in some

measure the atrocity of the means. We are indebted for this information to the painstaking Lord Fountainhall, who very coolly adds, that, in some of these successful cases, the thumbikens had proved their efficiency over the boots, *because tried upon persons having small legs*. It is not the least interesting circumstance connected with what is here related, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs, and other sufferers under the iniquitous government of the latter Stuarts, were elevated to places of deserved honour, with the enjoyment of the highest popularity, the Earl of Perth was visited by a punishment, irregular it is true, and reprehensible in as far as it partook of popular violence, and tyranny on the part of the government, but yet only a natural retribution in the course of circumstances for his odious cruelty. Leaving his house in Edinburgh a prey to the populace, and trembling for his life, he embarked in a small vessel at Bruntisland, designing to follow King James to France. The vessel became an object of suspicion to some individuals at the neighbouring sea-port of Kirkcaldy, from which a boat was immediately launched with an armed company, and the earl being overtaken, was detected under a mean disguise, stripped of every thing he had, and thrown into the common prison of the latter burgh. There was not now a more wretched or abject man in the kingdom, than he who had lately held its highest state office. It appears to have been with some difficulty that he was rescued from the populace, and immured by the new government in Stirling Castle, where he endured a contemptuous captivity of four years, after which he became a fellow-exile with his unhappy master.

Notwithstanding that King William would appear to have been made acquainted with the nature of the torture used in Scotland, his accession did not produce an abandonment of the disgraceful practice. In the Claim of Right framed by the Scottish parliament in April 1689, it is only declared that the using of torture, without evidence, or in ordinary crimes, is contrary to law. It requires no elaborate commentary to prove, that, when there was evidence of extraordinary crimes, torture might still be lawfully used in Scotland, subsequently to the Revolution. There is at least one case in which the thumbikens were employed under the sign-manual of the new sovereign. This was the case of Neville Penn or Payne, the person to whom George Duke of Buckingham addressed his *Essay on Reason and Religion*. He was accused of having gone to Scotland to form a Jacobite plot, and was accordingly, by virtue of the king's warrant, put to the thumbikens, but without making any disclosure. This was probably the last occasion of the use of torture in our country; but it was not till the year 1708, when the legislature of England and Scotland had become one, that the practice was theoretically abolished. An act of the British parliament, passed in that year, for improving the union of the two kingdoms, was the legal deathblow of the system, by enacting, among other beneficial regulations, that no person accused of any crime in Scotland should thenceforward, under any circumstances, be liable to the torture.

TALE OF LITTLECOTE HOUSE.

LITTLECOTE HOUSE, near Hungerford, in Berkshire, stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbersome workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bedchambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which

* Archaeologia, x. † Fountainhall's Decisions.
‡ A print, accurately representing it, is given in the Edinburgh Magazine, 1817.

time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, during the reign of Elizabeth, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fireside, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it, she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillow behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bedchamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself up upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night, and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law, but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

This anecdote is given by Sir Walter Scott, in the notes to his poem of Rokeby, as the contribution of a friend acquainted with the circumstances. Sir Walter himself then adds a similar legend which was current in Edinburgh during his childhood:—

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight, to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan chair, and, after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of —, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them

public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of — had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description.—[The conclusion of the tale is of a superstitious nature, and therefore inadmissible in detail in the present work. But we may mention that it represents a young lady as having appeared in the midst of the flames, threatening to scare all who should behold a third fire in the same place. The story has afforded a groundwork to the lively modern novel entitled "Elizabeth de Bruce."]

SONGS AND MANAGEMENT OF TAME BIRDS.

[From Bechstein's "Cage Birds," a recently published work.]

WHAT is most prized and admired in house birds is undoubtedly their song. This may be natural or artificial, the former being as varied as the species of the birds, for I know of no two indigenous species quite similar in their song; I ought perhaps to except the three species of shrike I have given, which, from their surprising memory, can imitate the songs of other birds so as to be mistaken for them: but a naturalist would soon perceive a slight mixture of the song natural to the imitator, and thus easily distinguish between the shrike that copied, and the tit-lark or redbreast copied from. It is so much the more important to be well versed in the different birds' songs, as to this knowledge alone we are indebted for several curious observations on these pretty creatures.

An artificial song is one borrowed from a bird that the young ones have heard singing in the room, a person's whistling, a flageolet, or a bird-organ. Nearly all birds, when young, will learn some strains of airs whistled or played to them regularly every day; but it is only those whose memory is capable of retaining these that will abandon their natural song, and adopt fluently, and repeat without hesitation, the air that has been taught them. Thus, a young goldfinch learns, it is true, some part of the melody played to a bullfinch, but it will never be able to render it as perfectly as this bird: this difference is not caused by the greater or less suppleness of the organ, but rather by the superiority of memory in the one species over that of the other.

The strength and compass of a bird's voice depend on the size and proportionate force of the larynx. In the female it is weak and small, and this accounts for her want of song. None of our woodland songsters produces more striking, vigorous, and prolonged sounds than the nightingale, and none is known with so ample and strong a larynx: but as we are able to improve the organisation of the body by exercise and habit, so may we strengthen and extend the larynx of several birds of the same species, so as to amplify the song in consequence, by more nutritive food, proper care, sounds that excite emulation, and the like; chaffinches, bullfinches, canaries, and other birds reared in the house, furnish daily examples of this.

The space assigned to tame birds varies according to their nature and destination. All are less at ease in a cage than when at liberty in a room, where young pine branches, cut in winter or early in spring, should be placed for their accommodation. Several, however, never sing unless confined within narrow limits, being obliged, as it would appear, to solace themselves, for the want of liberty, with their song; consequently, birds only prized for the beauty of their plumage or their pleasing actions, are best placed in a room. Rather large birds, such as thrushes, should have a room appropriated to them, or be kept in a large aviary, as they give a very unpleasant smell to the place which they occupy, unless carefully cleaned; but their young ones may be allowed the range of any apartment, placing in a corner a cage or branch to rest and sleep on, where they may run and hop freely, seeking a roosting-place for themselves in the evening on the fir branches placed for that purpose, or in a cage with several divisions, into which they soon learn to retire. Some birds, such as the duncock and the bluebreast, sing best in this state of liberty. It is necessary to avoid placing them with shrikes or tits, as these often, in the midst of plenty of food, will kill smaller birds, for the sake of eating the brain or intestines. Those that are confined that we may better enjoy the beauty of their song, should have a cage proportioned to their natural vivacity: a lark, for example, requires a larger cage than a chaffinch. The habits of the birds must also be considered, whether they rest on the ground or perch on sticks. The nightingale, for example, must have perches, while the skylark never makes use of these.

In every case cleanliness is absolutely necessary, in order to keep birds a long time, as well as healthy and active. In general it is better not to disturb the birds very often; but if not every day, yet every week at furthest, it is necessary to clean even the perches of those that roost, and strew sand where they keep at the bottom. Negligence in this entails many inconveniences—unpleasant smells from sick birds, gouty feet to some birds, loss of the use of their limbs or all

their claws; such sad experience may at length cure the negligent amateur. "We love birds," they say; "No," I reply, "you love yourselves, not them, if you neglect to keep them clean."

In washing the feet of birds, they must first be soaked in warm water, or the dirt will be so pasted on the skin that in removing it the bird will be wounded, and the irritation thus excited may soon occasion dangerous ulcers. House birds are generally subject to sore feet, and great attention is therefore necessary to examine them often if they are not attacked; a hair wound round them will sometimes become drawn so tight that in time the part will shrivel up and drop off. Another proof of the necessity of care in cleaning is, that few birds preserve their claws after having been kept some years in the house.

It is very necessary to procure for house birds food which is like, or at least which nearly resembles, what they would procure for themselves in their wild state. This is rather difficult, and sometimes almost impossible; for where can we find in our climate the seeds on which the Indian birds feed in their own country? Our only resource then is to endeavour with judgment to accustom these birds to that food which necessity obliges us to give them. There are some birds, such as chaffinches, bullfinches, thrushes, and the Bohemian chatters, which are so manageable in this respect, that as soon as they are brought into the house they eat without hesitation anything that is given to them; but others which are more delicate will absolutely eat nothing, either through disgust of their new food, or despair at the loss of their liberty; with these great precaution is necessary. Dr Meyer of Offenbach writes to me on this subject as follows:—"The following is the best method of accustoming newly taken birds to their change of food, a thing which is often very difficult to accomplish with some species. After having put the bird in the cage, it must be left quiet for some hours, without disturbing it at all; it must then be taken and plunged into fresh water, and immediately replaced in the cage. At first it will appear faint and exhausted, but it will soon recover, arrange its feathers, become quite lively, and will be sure to eat whatever is given to it. It is a well-known fact that bathing gives an appetite to birds, for the same reason that it does to men."

If, as an exception, one of these delicate birds, among which are most of the songsters, eats with eagerness as soon as it is brought into the house, it is a sign of death, for it seems like an indifference which is not natural, and which is always the consequence of disease. Those birds which retire into a corner, moping for some hours, are the most likely to live; it is only requisite to leave them alone, and by degrees they recover from their sullenness.

Birds which eat insects only, such as wagtails, wheatears, stonechats, and bluebreasts, are the most difficult to preserve; but most of them, having nothing particular in their song, offer no compensation for the trouble and care which they require; but the following is the best method for success. After having collected the flies, which in spring may often be seen in great numbers on the windows of old buildings, they must be dried, and preserved in a jar. When live insects can no longer be found, these flies must be mixed with the paste, hereafter described, which may be regarded as a general or universal food, and given to the most delicate birds, such as nightingales, provided ants' eggs or meal worms are now and then mixed with it.

RECIPE FOR THE GENERAL FOOD.—In proportion to the number of birds, white bread enough must be baked to last for three months. When it is well baked and stale, it must be put again into the oven, and left there until cold. It is then fit to be pounded in a mortar, and will keep several months without getting bad. Every day a teaspoonful for each bird is taken of this meal, on which is poured three times as much cold, or lukewarm, but not boiling milk. If the meal be good, a firm paste will be formed, which must be chopped very small on a board. This paste, which is very nourishing, may be kept a long time without becoming sour or sticky; on the contrary, it is always dry and brittle. As soon as a delicate bird is brought in, some flies or chopped worms should be mixed with the paste, which will attract it to eat. It will soon be accustomed to this food, which will keep it in life and health.

Experience teaches me that a mixture of crushed canary, hemp, and rape-seed, is the favourite food of canaries; goldfinches and siskins prefer poppy-seed, and sometimes a little crushed hemp-seed; linnets and bullfinches like the rape-seed alone. It is better to *soak* it for the young chaffinches, bullfinches, and others; in order to do this, as much rape-seed as is wanted should be put into a jar, covered with water, and placed in a moderate heat, in winter near the fire, in summer in the sun. If this is done in the morning, after feeding the birds, the soaked seed will do for the next morning. All of them ought to have green food besides, as chickweed, cabbage leaves, lettuce, endive, and water-cresses. Sand should be put in the bottom of the cages, for it seems necessary for digestion.

Amongst those which feed on seeds and insects, the quails like cheese and the crumbs of bread; the lark, barley-meal, with cabbage, chopped cress, poppy-seed mixed with bread crumbs, and in winter, oats; the chaffinches, rape-seed, and sometimes in summer a little crushed hemp-seed—too much hemp-seed is hurtful to birds, and should only be given as a delicacy

now and then; for when they eat too much of it, they become asthmatic, blind, and generally die of consumption; the yellow-hammers like the same food as the larks, without the vegetables; the tits like hemp-seed, pine-seed, bacon, meat, suet, bread, walnuts, almonds, and filberts.

Every morning fresh water must be given to the birds, both for drinking and bathing. When a great many are left at liberty, one dish will do for them all, about eight inches long and two in depth and width, divided into several partitions, by which means they are prevented from plunging entirely into the water, and in consequence making the place always dirty and damp. A vessel of the same size and shape will do for holding the universal paste, but then it must have no partitions. Quails and larks require sand, which does for them instead of water for bathing.

It has been observed that birds always moult at the time when their food is most abundant; the forest birds may then be seen approaching fields and cultivated places, where, having plenty of insects and seeds, they cannot suffer from want; indeed, the loss of their feathers prevents their taking long flights, and the reproduction of them occasions a loss of flesh which must be repaired; an abundance of food is therefore necessary: and, following this rule, during moulting some additional food must be given to house birds, appropriate to the different species—millet or canary seed, a little hemp-seed, white bread soaked in water, lettuce, or endive, to those which feed on seeds; and a few more meal worms and ants' eggs to those that eat insects: all should have bread soaked in boiled milk, warmth, and baths. Nothing has succeeded better than this regimen: all the birds which I have seen treated in this manner have passed their moulting season in good health.

The length of a bird's life very much depends on the care which is taken of it. There are some parrots which have lived more than a century; and nightingales, chaffinches, and goldfinches, have been known to live more than twenty-four years in a cage. The age of house birds is so much the more interesting, as it is only by observing it that we can know with any degree of certainty the length of birds' lives in general. Thus house birds are of importance to the naturalist, as giving him information which he could not otherwise acquire. It is worthy of remark, that the quick growth of birds does not prevent their living much longer than quadrupeds. The length of life with these is estimated to be six or seven times longer than the time which they take to grow; while birds live fifteen, twenty, and even thirty times longer.

The length of life is sometimes attributed to the substance of which the bones are composed being much more loose and light, and consequently remaining porous longer than those of quadrupeds. Some swans have lived three hundred years.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

GROTIUS AND HIS WIFE.

AMONG the number of learned men whom Holland has produced, one of the most eminent was Hugo Grotius, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, and obtained a wide reputation for his deep and extensive scholarship, as well as for his sufferings in the cause of religious and civil liberty.

Grotius was a native of the town of Delft, where he was born in the year 1583. While yet a child, he acquired fame for his extraordinary attainments. At eight years of age he composed Latin elegiac verses; and at fourteen, he maintained public theses or dissertations in mathematics, law, and philosophy. In 1599, he accompanied Barneveldt, the ambassador from the Dutch States, to Paris, where he gained the approbation of the reigning French monarch, the celebrated Henri Quatre, or Henry the Fourth, by his genius and demeanour, and was every where admired as a prodigy. After his return to Holland, he adopted the profession of a lawyer, and while no more than seventeen years of age, pleaded his first cause at the bar, in a manner that gave him prodigious reputation. Some time afterwards he was appointed advocate-general.

In the year 1606, Grotius married Mary Reigersberg, whose father had been burgomaster of Veer. The wife was worthy of the husband, and her value was duly appreciated. Through many changes of fortune they lived together in the utmost harmony and mutual confidence. It will be immediately seen how the devoted affection of the wife was tried in endeavours to soothe the misfortunes of the persecuted husband. Grotius lived in an evil time, when society was unhappily distracted by furious religious and political disputes. Mankind were mad with theological controversy, and Christian charity, amidst the tumult of parties, was entirely forgotten. Grotius was an Arminian and a republican, and his professional pursuits soon involved him in a strife, which it was next to impossible to avoid. Barneveldt, his early patron, who possessed similar sentiments, was seized and brought

to trial, and Grotius supported him by his pen and his influence. But his efforts were useless. In 1619, Barneveldt, on the charge of rebellion, was brought to the scaffold and beheaded, and his friend Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Louvestein, in South Holland. After this very rigorous and unfair proceeding, his estates were confiscated. Previously to his trial, he had a dangerous sickness, during which his anxious wife could not by any means obtain access to him; but after he was sentenced, she presented a petition, earnestly entreating to be his fellow prisoner, and her prayer was granted. In one of his Latin poems he speaks of her with deep feeling, and compares her presence to a sunbeam amid the gloom of his prison. The States offered to do something for his support; but with becoming pride she answered that she could maintain him out of her own fortune. She indulged in no useless regrets, but employed all her energies to make him happy. Literature added its powerful charm to these domestic consolations; and he who has a good wife, and is surrounded by good books, may defy the world. Accordingly, we find Grotius pursuing his studies with cheerful contentment, in the fortress where he was condemned to remain during life. But his faithful wife was resolved to procure his freedom. Those who trusted her with him must have had small knowledge of the ingenuity and activity of woman's affection. Her mind never for a moment lost sight of this favourite project, and every circumstance that might favour it was watched with intense interest.

Grotius had been permitted to borrow books of his friends in a neighbouring town; and when they had been perused, they were sent back in a chest, which conveyed his clothes to the washerwoman. At first his guards had been very particular to search the chest; but never finding any thing to excite suspicion, they grew careless. Upon this negligence, Mrs Grotius founded hopes of having her husband conveyed away in the chest. Holes were bored in it to admit the air, and she persuaded him to try how long he could remain in such a cramped and confined situation. The commandant of the fortress was absent, when she took occasion to inform his wife that she wished to send away a large load of books, because the prisoner was destroying his health by too much study.

At the appointed time Grotius entered the chest, and was with difficulty carried down a ladder by two soldiers. Finding it very heavy, one of them said, jestingly, "there must be an Arminian in it." She answered very coolly that there were indeed some Arminian books in it. The soldier thought proper to inform the commandant's wife of the extraordinary weight of the chest; but she replied that it was filled with a load of books, which Mrs Grotius had asked her permission to send away, on account of the health of her husband.

A maid, who was in the secret, accompanied the chest to the house of one of her master's friends. Grotius came out uninjured; and, dressed like a mason, with trowel in hand, he proceeded through the market-place to a boat, which conveyed him to Brabant, whence he took a carriage to Antwerp. This fortunate escape was effected in March 1621. His courageous partner managed to keep up a belief that he was very ill in his bed, until she was convinced that he was entirely beyond the power of his enemies.

When she acknowledged what she had done, the commandant was in a furious passion. He detained her in close custody, and treated her very rigorously, until a petition, which she addressed to the States-general, procured her liberation. Some dastardly spirits voted for her perpetual imprisonment; but the better feelings of human nature prevailed, and the wife was universally applauded for her ingenuity, fortitude, and constant affection.

Grotius found an asylum in France, where he was reunited to his family. A residence in Paris is expensive; and for some time he struggled with pecuniary embarrassment. The king of France at last settled a pension upon him. He continued to write, and his glory spread throughout Europe. Cardinal Richelieu wished to engage him wholly in the interests of France; and not being able to obtain an abject compliance with all his schemes, he made him feel the full bitterness of dependence. Thus situated, he was extremely anxious to return to his native country; and in 1627 his wife went into Holland to consult with his friends on the expediency of such a step.

He was unable to obtain any public permission to return; but relying on a recent change in the government, he, by his wife's advice, boldly appeared at Rotterdam. His enemies were still on the alert; they could not forgive the man who refused to apologise, and whose able vindication of himself had thrown disgrace upon them. Many private persons interested themselves for him; but the magistrates offered rewards to whoever would apprehend him. Such was the treatment this illustrious scholar met from a country, which owes one of its proudest distinctions to his name!

He left Holland, and resided at Hamburg two years; at which place he was induced to enter the service of Christina, queen of Sweden, who appointed him her ambassador to the court of France. After a residence of ten years, during which he continued to increase his reputation as an author, he grew tired of a situation, which circumstances rendered difficult and embarrassing. At his request he was recalled.

He visited Holland, on his way to Sweden, and at last met with distinguished honour from his ungrateful country. After delivering his papers to Christina, he prepared to return to Lubeck. He was driven back by a storm; and being impatient, set out in an open waggon, exposed to wind and rain. This imprudence occasioned his death. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, where he died suddenly, August 28, 1645, in the sixty-third year of his age. His beloved wife, and four out of six of his children, survived him.

Grotius was the author of a number of works in different departments of learning, and his writings are believed to have had a decisive influence in the diffusion of an enlightened and liberal manner of thinking in affairs of science. Much of his learning being merely philological, or referring to a knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, is now justly held to have been of little value, and his productions in the belles-lettres are therefore in a great measure forgotten. His fame in modern times rests principally on his great work on natural and national law, written in Latin, and entitled *De Jure Belli et Pacis*—the Law of War and Peace, by which the science of jurisprudence has been ably promoted.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF TURNING.

THERE is one class of persons who might be of infinite service to the community in promoting science and art, and every other means of social improvement; namely, the gentlemen who have nothing to do. In this wealthy country, how many individuals must there be, possessing competencies, without the necessity of even conversing twice a-year with a factor or steward, and whose time, therefore, is entirely at their own disposal! Altogether over and above the gentlemen of the half-pay, the number is immense; an absolute army of martyrs—to time. How much is it to be desired, both for their own sake and for the sake of their fellow-creatures, that they could be induced to devote their energies, and partly their fortunes, each to the cultivation of some department of knowledge!—especially those which, from the uncertainty or impossibility of pecuniary returns, cannot well be cultivated by professional persons. To go no further than geology—how much good might be done by a few of the idle affluent in ascertaining facts in that science! and with how much pleasant recreation to themselves! This is indeed a case in which it may be said that the aid of such individuals is indispensable, as it seems impossible for the few professional persons to whom the science has hitherto been chiefly indebted, to take, within the next ensuing age, such a range of inquiry as may afford proper grounds for generalisation. The usual amusements of unoccupied gentlemen are certainly better than they were; but yet too much of animalism and vegetation remain. We still see most important countenances gathered at steeple-chases, and very yawning ones in the porticoes of the clubs. In contrast with these, how delightful to reflect upon the members of the Geographical Society, many of whom are devoting their wealth and youthful energies in exploring distant and obscure parts of the world. How delightful to observe such men as Mr Greenough and Viscount Greenock (the number is fortunately not small) coming forward at the meetings of scientific associations, each with the result of his painful observations and researches, as a contribution to science, and each happy to mingle on terms of equality with men of the same tastes, whatever be their position in society. How infinitely more deserving of approbation is a mingling of ranks conducted under such circumstances, than that which takes place in the fives' court and the ring, and with what different results to the character of the superior individuals must it be attended! But, indeed, the gratuitous labours of men of rank in aid of science and art are too obviously their own reward, to require any effort of ours to recommend them. In giving exercise to faculties which would otherwise, perhaps, suffer the injury arising from idleness, or be directed to inferior and unprofitable objects, they must not only tend to increase the enjoyments, but add to the duration of life.

These remarks are designed to introduce to our readers a notice of some improvements which have just been executed, by an amateur, in the art of turning, and which were lately explained at a meeting of the Association for Promoting the Arts in Scotland. Turning is an art which in itself is apt to appear of secondary importance; but we have only to reflect on the material aid which it gives to other arts, to be satisfied of its great and varied utility. It enters into machinery of every kind, from the trinket-like watch to the energetic steam-engine. It is brought to the aid of every art, from the implements of agriculture

to naval architecture. Without turning, the exquisitely accurate movements of the printing-machine, by which the present sheet travels perhaps twenty feet along cylinders between the receiving of the first and second impressions, without the one being the twentieth of an inch removed from an exact opposition to the other, would be entirely lost to us. It is also the prime element for the production of innumerable ornamental objects, which daily surround us in our homes, and add insensibly, but not the less surely, to our current happiness.

The amateur artist whose work we are about to describe, is Mr Graham Dalyell, of Edinburgh, distinguished by his numerous antiquarian publications, and his patient inquiries into the habits of the zoophytical tribes, of which we lately presented some notices to our readers. This gentleman has for many years prosecuted turning as an amusement, and, by the exercise of much natural ingenuity, and an expenditure of time which perhaps no professional artist could have afforded, he has produced some kinds of work, not only of surprising beauty, but of such peculiarities of shape and ornament, as would seem to defy the art by which they have been fashioned. The two principal specimens exhibited by Mr Dalyell were a hollow brazen and an ivory vase, of a circular form, and several inches in height, each provided with a cover. The brazen vase was formed from a coarse cast giving the general outline, and the ivory one from a solid piece of tusk. Instead of the parallel lines around the object which are usually produced by turning, these vases present a multitude of curves, angles, facets, and other figures, which, in the brass specimen, reflect the light in a beautiful manner; while the ivory one not only displays similar various carving, but is relieved by a great deal of open work, which at a little distance gives the whole the airy appearance of a piece of lace. Along with the specimens, Mr Dalyell exhibited some of his tools, and explained that the work is produced by combinations of the *rose engine*, *eccentric chuck*, and *drilling apparatus*, the tools being brought to bear upon some of the objects in much the same manner as those of the seal-engraver. He also showed that, instead of the ordinary application of turning to small and trifling articles, it was adapted for work of considerable magnitude, though, before attempting any thing of the kind, the artist would require to undergo a long probation in plain turning, so as to become acquainted with the nature of the materials, the mode of working them into shape, and of bringing wood, ivory, and metal, to the highest finish.

The operations of the *rose engine* (so called from its producing leaf-work, like the convolutions of the rose) are so tedious, that, except in the lower department of what is called engine-turning, often seen on watch-cases, it has been almost totally disused. It is calculated, however, for the finest departments of the art, as it not only can produce the work from which it derives its name, in every varied form, but is adapted also for elliptical figures. A series of wheels called *rosettes*, about six inches in diameter, are arranged on the spindle of the lathe, the circumference of each cut into different curves; the puppets being suspended on central pivots below, yield on pressure against the rosette, and are returned to their position by springs. Meantime the tool of the artist is applied to the work on the chuck, which it fashions after the curves of the rosettes, and by the continued oscillation it is perfected.

In this and in eccentric turning the work revolves, while the tool remains stationary, being fixed in what is called the slide-rest, a most important instrument to all artists, whether for plain or ornamental operations. Its powers, its expedition, and its certainty, are so great, that no manufactory should dispense with it. Cylinders and cones, whether solid or hollow, are peculiarly within its sphere; and if properly made and adjusted, it can be set to any angle. In general, it may be observed, that the tool is grasped as in a vice by the upper part of the slide-rest, while the stalk elevating it to the centre of the work rests on a bed which is advanced horizontally towards that centre by one screw, and longitudinally by another. Thus they operate at right or other angles: besides which, there is a circular movement obtained by adapting an endless screw to a circular arc, which rests on the bed of the slide-rest.

In drill turning, which is entirely a new and modern art, the work remains stationary, while the pressure of the tool in rapid revolution operates by complete penetration of the substance, or by excision from the surface. Here a spindle is affixed to the slide-rest instead of the cutting tool, as above, and a drill, which may be of very various formation, is inserted into the one end of the spindle, while there is a pulley at the other. A frame with a drum or roller, seven inches in diameter, and two or three feet long, resting on pivots, is elevated above the bed of the lathe; a long band passes from the wheel of the lathe around a pulley at one end of the drum, to give it motion, and a short band descends from the drum to the pulley on the drilling spindle, to communicate that motion to the drill. Meantime the lathe spindle, which has a dividing plate, is locked to keep the work stationary, as the drill makes its first cut; another division is then taken either there, which is best, or from a dividing plate with a click on the chuck, for the second cut. But in workmanship such as that exhibited to the society, where divisions perhaps to a hairbreadth are essential, an endless screw must operate on the chuck's dividing plate.

Beautiful and interesting specimens of work may be produced by the judicious combination of the rose engine with eccentric and drill turning. The operations of the last, singly, are the most expeditious, and they require only the lowest exercise of personal strength. The machine and its complicated apparatus, whereon the work submitted to the society had been executed, was made expressly for the owner by an excellent artist, Mr Andrew Paterson, also our fellow-citizen, at the cost of about two hundred guineas. It is said to be distinguished by many improvements.

SPEECH WITHOUT A TONGUE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the startling appearance of the announcement that the want of a tongue is not in every case attended by dumbness, its truth is placed beyond all rational controversy, by many examples, attested by indisputable authority, of persons, who, though deprived of the whole tongue, and sometimes of the uvula also, have still retained the power of speaking, and even of pronouncing words, in a clear and accurate manner. This, indeed, is but one of the multitude of facts which ought to induce us to beware of rejecting, without examination, even what at first sight appears contrary to the universal experience and common sense of mankind. To impress upon our readers, therefore, this valuable lesson, and also because the subject is in itself exceedingly curious, we extract the following particulars from a work of high authority, *The Study of Medicine*, by John Mason Good, M.D.

"There are some persons who profess to disbelieve all the stories of this kind that have descended to us, for the mere reason that they have never witnessed anything of the same kind in their own age or country. But such persons would have also joined the king of Siam in disbelieving the Dutch ambassador's assertion, that the rivers in his own country became so hard and solid during the winter, that men and women could walk and skate upon them. The accounts are too numerous, and in many instances too well supported, to be treated with scepticism; and all that is left to our judgment and ingenuity is not to deny the evidence, but to account for the fact.

Hundreds of cases might be quoted upon this subject; but the following may be sufficient, although others are referred to in the author's nosological system, which may be examined at the reader's leisure. Those now selected are taken from recent times, and from authorities that may indeed be disbelieved, but cannot be disputed.

In the third volume of the *Ephemerides Germanicæ*, we have the history of a boy, who, at eight years of age, lost the whole organ of the tongue, in consequence of a sphacelus proceeding from the smallpox, and who was able to talk after its separation. The boy was exhibited publicly, but a trick was generally suspected; in consequence of which, the boy and his friends were summoned to appear in court before the members of the celebrated university of Saumur. In the presence of this learned body he underwent a strict examination as to the loss he had sustained, and the lingual powers he still possessed. The report was found correct, and the university, in consequence, gave their official attestation to the fact, in order, as it expressly asserts in its record, that its reality might not be called in question in succeeding times.

In the *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences* for the year 1718, is an account of a girl who was born without a tongue, but had nevertheless learned to speak, and talked as easily and distinctly as if she had enjoyed the full benefit of that organ. The case is given by a physician of character, who had accurately and repeatedly examined the girl's organs of speech, and was desirous that others should examine them also.

About seventy years ago, our own country furnished us with another equally striking example of the same power, and which forms the subject of various papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, drawn up chiefly by Dr Parsons at the time, and printed in the volumes that were published between the years 1742 and 1747. It is the history of a young woman of the name of Margaret Cutting, of Wickham Market, near Ipswich, in Suffolk, who, when only four years old, lost the whole of her tongue, together with the uvula, from what is said to have been a cancerous affection, but still retained the powers of speech, taste, and deglutition, without any imperfection whatever; articulating, indeed, as fluently and with as much correctness as other persons, and articulating, too, those peculiar syllables which ordinarily require the express aid of the tip of the tongue for exact enunciation. She also sang to admiration, and still articulated her words while singing, and could form no conception of the use of a tongue in other people. Neither were her teeth in any respect able to supply the place of the deficient organs; for these also were but few, and rose scarcely higher than the surface of the gums, in consequence of the injury to the sockets from the disease that had destroyed the tongue. The case, thus introduced before the Royal Society, was attested by the minister of the parish, a medical practitioner of repute, and another respectable person. From its

singularity, however, the society evinced a commendable tardiness of belief. They requested another report upon the subject, and from another set of witnesses, whom they themselves named for the purpose, and for whose guidance they drew up a line of categorical examination. This second report soon reached the society, and minutely coincided with the first; and to set the question completely at rest, the young woman was shortly afterwards brought to London, and satisfied the Royal Society in her own person."

Dr Good throws out the conjecture, that in these cases articulation is effected by the glottis, or upper opening of the windpipe, which he supposes to acquire this unusual power in consequence of long practice calling forth the full extent of its latent powers.

A TOUGH YARN.

"I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

THE Rockingham outward-bound East Indiaman was skimming along before a freshening breeze which had just begun to ruffle the broad bosom of the Atlantic, every stitch of canvass was set, and joy sat smiling on the countenances of all at the prospect of soon escaping from the regions of calms and variable winds, when suddenly a seaman engaged about the rigging lost his hold and fell overboard. "Put the helm down!" shouted the officer of the watch; "a man overboard! Aft here, cutters; clear away the boat!" In one moment all was bustle and excitement; small sails flapping in the wind, studding-sail-booms crackling, tacks and halyards let go by the run. The ship flew rapidly up in the wind, the mainbraces were let go, and the mainyard swung aback. The cutters were lowering the boat, when suddenly came the orders, "Keep all fast, 'tis too late! Port, quarter-master; keep the ship on her course! After-guard, brace up the mainyard!"—and these promptly and actively obeyed, soon the vessel moved on in the even tenour of her course. All was silence and gloom, for poor Pat Roonan was a universal favourite.

Meanwhile, however, the cause of all this commotion was quietly perched upon the rudder, patiently waiting for some friendly hand to render him assistance. The officer of the deck had seen him go down under the ship's quarter, and looked in vain for his re-appearance, he having risen under the counter, and, being a good swimmer, instantly and instinctively striking out for the rudder-chains. Pat loudly shouted for help, but amid the noise and confusion which prevailed, his cries were unheard. Being a bold and active fellow, and not gifted with much patience, he made a spring for one of the gunroom ports, which in tropical latitudes are often kept open to give air to the various stores the room contains, and once more succeeded in getting on board.

Tired with his exertions, he seated himself for a moment, and, looking around, what a tempting spectacle presented itself! On one side was a tin box of the best biscuits, on the other an open case of bottled ale. Pat looked long and wistfully at them both, weighing the enjoyment against the probable consequences; at last, "here goes," said he, dipping his hand into one, and taking a bottle from the other, and in two minutes a quart of the best Hodgson had changed masters. He soon began to feel its powerful effects, but before yielding to them, contrived to stagger to a dark corner, and to lie down between two packages. Here he slept soundly, and unobserved by the gunner when he went his evening rounds, till the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe awakened him to a sense of his situation, and the discipline to which he had subjected himself; but the common boardship saying, "Swallow a tooth of the dog that bit you," recurred to his recollection; and having in vain endeavoured to stifle his conscience in any other way, he at length fairly drowned it in another bottle of the intoxicating beverage. The consequence was another long sleep, from which he awoke with all the horrors of the "cat" hanging over him. But it was time to think how to escape from the dilemma; and when an Irishman once fairly sets his wits to work, what can he not accomplish? It was broad day. The sun had nearly attained his meridian, and the smooth and untroubled sea reflected his beams with almost intolerable splendour, while the ship, lying perfectly unmanageable, heaved and rolled heavily with the swell: it was a dead calm. Pat looked out of the port, and a bright idea striking him, he proceeded to act upon it. The fear of the "cat" overcame his dread of the sharks, and letting himself quietly overboard, he dropped as far astern as he could without being observed by those on deck. It was seven bells in the forenoon watch; as usual, the officers were busy "taking the sun," and laughing and joking with each other, when suddenly the cry "ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" arising from the sea, filled every one with astonishment and surprise. All rushed to the taffereel, where to their dismay they perceived poor Pat Roonan, slowly, and apparently with much fatigue, forcing his way through the waters. The first surprise over, all hastened to give assistance; and with no little difficulty, this "dead alive" was hoisted on the deck. "Where do you come from, sir?" cried the captain. "Why, sir," says Pat, blowing and sputtering at intervals, and seemingly scarcely able to articulate, "it was too bad—to leave a poor fellow—kicking—his

heels in the middle of the Atlantic; if it hadn't been for this blessed calm—I'd never have come up—with the old ship." Here Pat sunk exhausted upon a carrousel; but he chuckled in his sleeve when he saw the captain's steward bringing a glass of brandy to revive him. Pat's impudence, and his invariable reply to all direct and indirect questions put to him on the subject, "sure I never had such a swim in my born days; if it hadn't been for the calm, I'd never have got on board again," carried him well through; and the boldness of his unwavering asseverations staggered his messmates into a half belief of his story.

Time wore on, and the Rockingham arrived safely at her anchorage in Bombay harbour. Like all other nine-day wonders, Pat's adventure had ceased to be remembered, when Captain Graham dining on shore in company with the commander of another vessel in the roads, the conversation turned upon swimming, and the great power in the water which a black man on board the latter gentleman's ship displayed. Pat Roonan and his adventure occurred to Captain Graham. "When the wine is in, the wit is out," and considerable bets were laid by the two gentlemen upon the result of a trial of the prowess of the two seamen. The next morning was named for the match. Pat Roonan was summoned to the quarter-deck, and told what was expected from him, and that it was arranged the two men should swim directly out to sea, with attending boats to pick them up when exhausted. Though a good swimmer, Pat well knew he was no match for the black, and he trembled at the consequences of a discovery of his deception; still he trusted that his native impudence would again save him. And so it did. The story of the bet had got wind—the beach was crowded with people—the boats were manned—the swimmers stripped, and just about to make the plunge, when Pat exclaimed, "Avast there, brother! heave to for a minute, will ye?" He went to his own ship's boat, and took from it a large and well-filled bag, which he slowly and deliberately began to lash to his back. "Hallo!" cried the gazing black, "what you got dere?" "Grub, to be sure, you nigger!—you don't suppose I'm such a greenhorn as to go out to sea on a cruise without laying in a stock of provisions?" "Why, how long you going to swim?" "How can I tell, you black squall, how long we shall be out; it won't be less than a week, any how," said Pat with the greatest coolness.

He knew his man; nothing could induce the black to swim; Pat came off with flying colours, muttering to himself, "Oh, an' it would be a queer thing if I couldn't bother a nigger when I chatted my own captain."

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHEVERT, an eminent French general, and one of the bravest men who ever lived, was originally a destitute orphan, and entered the army as a common soldier at twelve years of age. Without high birth, fortune, or connections—by his personal merits alone—he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, at a period when favours and honours were usually bestowed upon those only who could boast of a long line of ancestors. A profound study of tactics, an unwearied attention to his duty, with an ardent desire to distinguish himself, were the means which he employed to elevate himself above the crowd, and fix upon him the regards of his country. Though extremely modest, he knew his talents and his rights, which he showed on the following occasion, when he considered himself unjustly treated. A company in his regiment becoming vacant, he applied for it, but the colonel of the regiment had solicited it for one of his friends. Upon this Chevert went immediately to Versailles, and laid his complaint before the minister. On the latter saying that he had never heard any thing about him, Chevert replied, "In that case, have the goodness to write to my colonel, that you require a brave and able officer to conduct an affair as difficult as important; and demand of him, if he can name any one who will suit your purpose." The minister did so, and the colonel named Chevert; upon which he immediately received the appointment. The confidence with which he inspired the soldiers, was only equalled by the bravery by which he distinguished himself. On one occasion, when he was determined to surprise a fort, he sent for a soldier, and thus addressed him. "Go straight to that fort without stopping; when they ask who goes there, make no reply; when the challenge is repeated a second time, still advance in silence; at the third demand they will fire upon you; if the shot fails, throw yourself upon the guard—secure him—I shall be there to assist you." The soldier departed, fulfilled his orders, and every thing happened as Chevert had foreseen, such was the enthusiasm with which he inspired those under his command. At one time when he was ordered to dislodge the enemy from their position on the top of a hill, which was covered with wood, when they had penetrated a little way, he seized the Marquis de Brebant by the hand, and exclaimed with ardour, whilst his eyes sparkled with the love of glory, "Swear to me, on the honour of a soldier, that you and your regiment will die to a man before you retreat." Then turning to the soldiers, he said, "We must advance, but never return." And with one voice of assent the soldiers obeyed. He was always superior to danger. At the commencement of an attack, his officers entreated him to put on his cuirass, but he replied, pointing to his soldiers, "Do these brave fellows

wear them?" When the Marshal de Belleisle left him at Prague with eighteen hundred men, the inhabitants, pressed by famine within and a numerous army without, demanded that he should surrender the town. Upon this he seized several hostages from amongst the principal citizens, and shut them up in his own house, under which were a number of vaults filled with gunpowder; determined to blow them up with himself, should the inhabitants insist on surrendering the city. He obtained all his demands, marched out of the town with the honours of war; and in testimony of their admiration of his bravery, they presented him with two pieces of cannon. A general officer, who had been too long accustomed to a court life to understand much about war, complained with as much haughtiness as bitterness of the preference given to this soldier of fortune over him; this was repeated to Chevert, and he determined to revenge himself in his own way. One day that the Marquis de Belleisle had appointed him to an expedition as dangerous as it was glorious, he took this opportunity thus to address the malcontent: "Monsieur, it has always surprised me that a man of your merit has never been employed." "It is not my fault," rejoined the other; "all here goes by favour. I have frequently solicited the command of a detachment, but have always been refused." "I know one that will be granted you," said Chevert; he then acquainted him with the nature of the enterprise; and as he proceeded to detail the dangers and difficulties of the expedition, the officer became first thoughtful, then uneasy, and finished by saying it was not his turn to march, that he was not acquainted with that part of the country, and that in short he would not go. "Well, sir," replied Chevert, "this detachment has been given to me; and it is by such perilous undertakings, which you have refused, that I have reached the rank I now hold. I am aware of the remarks you have made upon me, but now I have my revenge." With such a noble mind, it was not surprising that Marshal Saxe had the affection of a father for him. On one occasion when the former was landing the noble qualities of the latter, to the great annoyance of his enemies, a person present had the boldness to remark, that Chevert was nothing more than an *officier de fortune*. "How!" replied the marshal, pretending to have heard something new; "is this really true? I always had a warm regard for him; I shall now add respect to my esteem." Chevert never concealed or felt humbled by his origin; his soul was too noble to be mortified because he was lowly born; he even experienced a pride in owing all to himself, and nothing to favour. Chevert was surprised one day by a visit from a stranger whom he had never seen before, and who came to claim relationship with him. "Are you a gentleman?" demanded Chevert. "Am I a gentleman!" replied the other; "can you doubt it?" "In that case," rejoined the warrior, "you cannot possibly be any relation of mine, as I am the first and only gentleman of my family." This extraordinary man died in January 1769, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

AN AMERICAN FOREST ON FIRE.

[By Audubon.]

WITH what pleasure have I seated myself by the blazing fire of some lonely cabin, when, faint with fatigue, and chilled with the piercing blast, I had forced my way to it through the drifted snows that covered the face of the country as with a mantle! The affectionate mother is hushing her dear babe to repose, while a group of sturdy children surround their father, who has just returned from the chase, and deposited on the rough flooring of his hut the varied game which he has procured. The great back log, that with some difficulty has been rolled into the ample chimney, urged, as it were, by lighted pieces of pine, sends forth a blaze of light over the happy family. The dogs of the hunter are already licking away the trickling waters of the thawing icicles that sparkle over their shaggy coats, and the comfort-loving cat is busied in passing her furry paws over each ear, or with her rough tongue smoothing her glossy coat.

How delightful to me has it been, when kindly received and hospitably treated under such a roof, by persons whose means were as scanty as their generosity was great, I have entered into conversation with them respecting subjects of interest to me, and received gratifying information. I recollect that once while in the state of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning the face of nature was obscured by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain in such pressing terms, that I was well content to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced: the spinning wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grinnalakin seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I having seated ourselves each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements, I requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on nearly as follows:—

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the 'black soft

growth' land, that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must know that, although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to insure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves of the other trees.

I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home at the time of the great fires. I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time.

It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep, one night, in a cabin, about a hundred miles from this, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle, which I had ranged in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them, with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for awhile, but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over, on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the leeward. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes

fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the "hard woods," which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for awhile. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but thanks be to God, here we are safe, sound, and happy."—*American Ornithology*, vol. ii.

FLY FISHING.

A SHORT time ago we presented a few detached papers on the GENTLE ART, with the intention of continuing them at intervals. The tediousness of that mode of publication, however, and other circumstances, have induced the author to throw the papers together, forming a volume for the use of anglers, which is now published in a neat portable size, embellished with wood engravings.* From this interesting little work we extract the following chapter on Fly Fishing:—

Fly fishing is by far the most exquisite department of the gentle art. There is, generally speaking, a greater degree of skill necessary to complete the adept, more nice calculation, and a superior style of arrangement. The advantages of the fly over the ground fisher are, however, not a few: he avoids the trouble of collecting and preparing his bait, the filth and cruelty of attaching it to his hook, and those numerous uncertainties accompanying water and weather, which fall oftener to the other's lot. We shall not, however, attempt any disparagement to the merits of the honest bait fisher, since, to our knowledge, he is often a nobly-gifted and scientific craftsman, a good and worthy man, zealous in behalf of the art, and in no wise to be underrated. We ourselves, in our younger days, were bait fishers, no great hands we allow, but still tolerably successful; and if we live on till our arm and eye fail, we shall be bait fishers once more, tottering in second infancy to the river side, content with a few humble minnows, as fortune directs, or a chance salmon, which pities our age, and is willing, to his own cost, to sound our leading strings.

We are now come to treat of the method of fly fishing in use with excellent anglers. Your rod and tackle being ready, the wind in your favour down the river, draw out with your left hand a few yards of line from your reel, dip the top of your rod in the water, and with a rapid jerk you will lengthen as you wish that part you intend for throwing. A thirteen foot wand will cast from six to seven fathoms of line. With a large double-handed rod you may manage a much greater length. Always, if you can, angle from a distance. Trout see you when you least imagine, and skulk off without your notice. Noise they care little about; you may talk and stamp like a madman without frightening them, but give them a glimpse of your person, and they won't stay to take another. Some ichthyologists attribute to them an acute sense of hearing; this we are disposed to question, for how happens it that the most obstreperous rattling of stones when wading causes no alarm, although conveyed to them through the medium of water, a good conductor of sounds? We remember angling one still night by St Mary's Loch, when our movements were heard distinctly by some shepherds from the distance of a mile, and yet the fish rose eagerly at our very feet,

following our fly to the shallowest parts of the margin—a fact which, if it does not prove the obtuseness of hearing, at any rate renders it a matter of little consequence to the angler.

It requires some art to throw a long line. The beginner should commence with a short one, and without flies, lengthening it gradually as he improves. The best method of casting is to bring the rod slowly over the right or left shoulder, and with a turn of the wrist make the line circle behind you; then, after a pause, fetch it forward again in the same manner, and your flies will descend softly upon the water. All jerks are apt to whip off your hooks or crack your gut. A fly-fisher may use two, three, or four flies on his casts, according to pleasure. When angling with small hooks, we adopt the medium number. Large ones ought to be fished with in pairs, and well separated. In throwing the cast, the lowermost, or trail fly, should be made to alight foremost: its fall ought to be almost imperceptible; it should come down on the water like a gossamer, followed by the droppers. The moment a fly touches the surface, it is ten times more apt to raise a fish than during the act of drawing it along. At no time are we staunch advocates for the system of leading our hooks, either against or across a stream; our method is rather to shake them over it for a moment, and then repeat the throw. A trout will discover your fly at the distance of several yards, if feeding, and will dart at it like lightning. Always, if you can, fish with the wind, and do not concern yourself, as some do, from what quarter it comes. In spring, no doubt, a south-west breeze is preferable to all others; yet we have seen even easterly winds not the worst, on many waters, especially during summer months, when the natural fly is apt to become over-plenty.

Trout will sometimes take in the most unlikely weathers, so that the angler should not despair at any time. Hunger causes them to feed at least once in the twenty-four hours, and generally much oftener. If the wind blows down the river, commence at the pool head, and fish every inch of good water; you may pass over the very rough and very shallow parts, also those which are absolutely dead, calm, and clear, unless you see fish rising in them, when, should your tackle be light, there is no harm in taking a throw or two. Dead water, however, when rippled or discoloured, may be angled in with great success. When you raise a good trout, strike slowly, or hardly at all, only continue the motion of your hand without slackening it; the fish, if large, will hook itself. Small trout and par may be whipped in with rapidity: 'tis folly to play or use ceremony with such trifles. Should the fish miss your fly altogether, give him another chance, and a third if that will not do; a touch of your barb, however, will sharpen his wits, so as to prevent him from again rising. He prefers flies without stings. When you hook a trout, if you can, turn his head with the stream, and take him rapidly down. Thus you will exhaust him in the shortest time, whereas, by hauling against the current, you allow him to swim freely in his natural direction, and also exert three times more strength upon your tackle than is really needful. A good-sized fish, handled in this foolish manner, can never be taken; it is impossible to tire him out, and the strongest line will give way to his resistance. When your victim is exhausted, draw him gently ashore, upon the nearest channel, or most level part of the margin. He will come in sideways, and generally lie motionless for a few seconds, during which time you will be able to run forward and seize him. Beware of catching hold of your line, until he is properly banded. Many a famous trout have we seen lost by this inadvertence on the part of anglers, who think so to save time and labour. One should remember how the spring of the rod is thus removed, and how there remains no proper curb to the strength of the fish, which easily breaks a single gut, or tears itself from a sharp hook, and wishes the astonished angler better sport farther on.

In playing a large fish, especially if it be a salmon, always keep opposite the head, and never allow your line to slacken for an instant; if you do, be not surprised if it should come back to your hand again, evidently without any thing. A salmon fly should be angled with, in short jerks, among the most rapid parts of the stream: the fish lie mostly near the head or bottom of a pool, and seldom about the middle. In running them, use your legs as well as your line, but always keep the latter on the *qui vive*, letting it out somewhat charily, with the assistance of the hand, and taking every opportunity to wind it up again. The fish, when hooked, generally ascends or strikes across the current; after a fair heat, he will often spring furiously out of water, striving to disengage the barb from his mouth, or shiver the line with his tail. At such times considerable skill is required to prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. When he becomes calm, he will take matters more philosophically, and not seldom refuse any farther resistance by attaching himself firmly to the bottom. Rouse him immediately, as you beat can; for he meditates the snapping of your line by a sudden effort, when you are off guard. Either wade in, and kick him, or, if the pool be too deep, throw stones cautiously near the spot where he lies. He will soon start again in beautiful style, as if for the sea; when he becomes exhausted, drag him to the edge, gaff, and secure him. A salmon, hooked by the back-fin, will play ten times more vigorously than one hooked by the mouth. You

may as well bridle a horse by the middle, and attempt to turn him, as manage a large fish so fastened. We have known anglers occupy a whole day in securing a moderate sized grilse.

There is, we believe, a very singular instance on record among the inhabitants of the lower part of the Tummel, with respect to the capture of a huge salmon with the rod. The time occupied was so great, that we shall not forfeit our title to veracity by mentioning it, but leave the curious reader to inquire for himself. We remember also another instance of this kind, which we had from good authority in the south of Scotland, how a salmon hooked by the side-fin below Elibank wood on the Tweed, took the angler down to Yair bridge, a distance of several miles, and at length made its escape with his tackle, after several hours' play. Even when hooked by the mouth, the salmon is no contemptible animal to deal with. We ourselves were compelled to work one for some hours in St Mary's Loch, on a common trouting fly, and at length secured him, before he was nearly exhausted, by enclosing him in a small bay, and then preventing his escape from behind.

So much for the strength of this fish, and yet, strange to say, with such small means may its prodigious power be kept under by eminent anglers, that a single horse-hair has been known to master a full-grown salmon. The feat of capturing one with such slender tackle was, we believe, some time ago performed by the Reverend Mr Paterson, lately clergyman at Galashiels, now in Glasgow.

In angling with the fly, whether for trout or salmon, it will be remarked, how, at certain times, they will rise in great numbers towards your hook, without your being able to secure a single fish. This is owing sometimes to their state of repletion, and sometimes to the colour of the water or the quality of the atmosphere. On these occasions, it is truly tantalising to behold the most desirable fish mocking your fly with repeated plunges, seemingly aware of your presence, and defying your nicest ingenuity. There is, however, no proper help for it, although we have observed that a change in the size or colour of the hook will sometimes work wonders; also, when trouting, a small, white, flesh maggot, toughened in bran, and attached to your fly, is no bad remedy. The fine perception which trout possess in their smell often causes them to quit your artificial insect when just on the point of seizing it. This faculty of theirs is so powerful as to enable them to discern the approach of a worm some yards off, although prevented from seizing it by the interposition of a stone or other obstacle. If you throw a handful of salmon roe into a calm clear pool, which seems for the time almost evacuated, except by a few stragglers, and watch it cautiously, you will be surprised at the number of fish smelling their way from all quarters to the baited spot; many of these will swim up from the distance of two or three hundred yards, directed merely by the flavour carried down to them; the smallness of which may be imagined more easily than calculated.

In general, however, trout trust more to their sight in seizing flies than to their sense of smell. They dart at them with a velocity too great to be easily checked by any sudden discovery. Like men, they find the deceit when there is no remedy, and gain the most valuable lesson at the precious cost of life. We have even caught trout in very turbid water, angling with the artificial fly in the manner of worm, so foolishly are they sometimes taken with appearances.

Double-rod fishing has got into practice on some rivers; it is poachers' work, and ought to be prevented by law. This method of raking the water requires no art, and affords little amusement. A line stretched between a couple of rods, and hung with flies, is taken down the stream by two individuals on its opposite sides, so that every inch of water is gone over, and every feeding trout raised. As by the lath, immense numbers of fish are wounded as well as taken, getting detached from the hook after a long continued struggle, and then pining away for months at the bottom, unable either to feed or spawn. We hope soon to see an effectual check put upon this manner of depopulation.

Fly-fishing in Scotland was wont to commence about the end of March, or early in April, although of late years our spring weather has been so unusually mild as to add even part of February to the angler's calendar. Nay, we have seen, during Christmas, trout rise freely, especially near the mouths of streams. In some rivers, great quantities of kelts, or spawned salmon, are taken in the month of March, on their descent to the sea. We have known of forty or fifty of these useless fish being captured with a single rod in one day, certainly a most unnecessary slaughter. April, May, and June, are undoubtedly the best months in the season for angling with the fly, not that in them you will catch the greatest number of trout, but such as you do catch are generally of a larger size than those taken at a later period. July and August are mostly too hot and dry; the waters are then clear and covered with food; the fish lazy, and the angler tormented by multitudes of gadflies and other insects. Par, however, and small trout, may be captured in great quantities, especially in the mornings and evenings; nor are the brandling and other worms rejected by the larger sort of fish; white maggots also are esteemed at this time. If rainy, September and October vie with the spring months for the heart of the angler. Salmon are now ascending our Lowland rivers, and

* The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart, Esq. author of "The Death Wake," and other poems. W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and Orr and Smith, London.

seize eagerly at the fly; common trout become more active, and move about in quest of roe, with which they may be destroyed in huge numbers.

SONG.—THE TAKING OF THE SALMON.

A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And if we land him, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
Far on the rushing river;
Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!—
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes awaken.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel,
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,
The noble fish—the thumper!
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homeward, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! to the music of the reel,
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion!

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL IN LANGUAGE.

THE following specimen of the sublime and beautiful in language seems to us to be much too valuable to be lost to the world, and cannot have too wide a circulation for the benefit of address writers, playbill composers, and all others requiring to approach greatness in terms of becoming respect. The original document is ornamented with a highly finished wood engraving representing the writer, Mr Simpson, in full dress, as master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall, in the act of graciously bowing to a company on their arrival:—

ADDRESS TO THE VISITORS OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

"To the Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Visitors, that so kindly Vouchsafed to Honour My Benefit, Last Year, with their Distinguished Patronage and Presence, some of whom, having kindly Condescended to wish (even Royalty itself), both last Year and this Season, that I should take another Benefit; but being fearful of being thought too Obtrusive upon your Condescending Generosity to My Humble Person; However, Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Ladies and Gentlemen, as I am now fully convinced that it will not be thought Obtrusive, I, with all due Submission, again take the very great liberty (which I humbly hope you will pardon) of most respectfully informing you, that, in Compliance with your Commands, the Worthy Proprietors, in their Kind Generosity to me, have granted me this Season another Benefit, on Monday, 21st July 1834.

And as My Humble Address of last Year received such Unqualified Approbation of all the Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Classes of Great Britain; and also all the Illustrious, Distinguished, and Respectable Classes, and Inhabitants of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Augsburg, Hamburg, Rome, and other Cities on the Continent, too numerous for me now to mention. His Holiness the Pope of Rome, also, took Very great Interest in My Benefit Last Year, and Three Noble English Lords told me of it in the Gardens. As they had Just Come from Rome, His Holiness wished them to explain to him what situation mine was, as Master of the Ceremonies, to be Capable of Writing, as he Called it, Such an Eloquent Address, and as that Address is but a mere Humble Statement of Facts, drawn up (without any assistance whatever) from the Genuine feelings of My Heart, to those whom I have the High

Honour of Addressing—and as that Address has been so Kindly Received by the Whole World, and as that Statement of Facts Contained the whole, and as I have nothing more to state, it would be presumption in me to alter any part of it, but by the Introduction of the Paragraph to the House of Lords and House of Commons, and which Paragraph last Year I omitted, fearful of My Address being thought too long, and too obtrusive upon your Invaluable Time; However, Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Ladies and Gentlemen, as I am now fully convinced that it will not be thought Obtrusive, I now, with all due submission, take the liberty, that that Paragraph, which I intended last Year to the House of Lords and House of Commons, is in the Address of this Year.

To the Most Illustrious Princes and Princesses of the British Empire—To their Excellencies, the Most Noble and Puissant Princes, and other Illustrious Ambassadors of the Foreign States now residing in London, and their Truly Noble and Accomplished Ladies—To the Most Noble and Distinguished Nobility of the United Kingdom, and their truly Noble and Accomplished Ladies—And also to all the other Respectable Classes of Distinguished Visitors that so Kindly Honour and Grace the Royal Gardens every Season with their distinguished presence, and their Amiable and Lovely Ladies.

To all those most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Visitors of the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, their truly Humble and Devoted Servant, C. H. Simpson, Master of the Ceremonies of these Gardens for 37 years—most dutifully and most respectfully begs to inform all the Illustrious, Noble, and all the other Respectable Classes, that Visit the Royal Gardens, that, for my Humble Services, for so long a Period, in the truly Honourable service of the Public, the very Kind Generosity of the Worthy Proprietors of these Gardens, has been pleased to permit (on my own sole account) an unprecedented occurrence, that never in the whole annals of the Gardens took place at the Royal Gardens before, namely, a Benefit—I therefore with all the due and Humble Submission, and filled with the most dutiful and sincere expressions of Heart-felt Attachment, presume, with all becoming Awe, to approach such Illustrious and Distinguished Personages, and with every sense of the Most Profound Humility, confidently relying on the Paternal disposition of the Generous Public to an Old Servant, at one of the First Places of Public Amusement, in the First City in the Empire, this Celebrated ancient Temple of Loyalty, where the Most Lovely British and Foreign Beauties Congregate under the same Roof, to enjoy the pleasure of each other's Company, and where I have had the high Honour of receiving his late Majesty, George the 4th, when Prince of Wales, and Royalty, Rank, Fashion, and Elegance, to the present moment, and am now in the 64th Year of my Age.

To that Wise Ornament of the British Empire, the British Parliament—To the Noble Lords Spiritual and Temporal, My Lords, may I beseech your Lordships accompanied with the Lord Chancellor will be Graciously pleased to Honour my Benefit with your Distinguished Patronage and Presence.

To the Honourable the House of Commons, My Lords and Honourable Gentlemen, I most humbly beseech that accompanied by your Honourable Speaker you will be Graciously pleased to Honour My Benefit with your Noble and Honourable Patronage and Presence.

I also very dutifully beg to make known to the Distinguished Visitors, that neither pains nor expense shall be spared in putting the whole of the Gardens into a state of Unequalled Splendour, including an Immense Figure of Myself, 45 feet high, in Coloured Lamps, representing my usual Costume, and fitting up every part in order to render the night worthy of their Illustrious Patronage, and every device worthy of such a distinguished occasion.

All these reasons will, I earnestly hope, induce all the Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Visitors to be Graciously pleased to Condescend to Patronise my earnest prayer for your distinguished Support on the night of My Benefit, as I do assure you, most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Ladies and Gentlemen, it will truly gladden the heart, for the remainder of his days, of your most Submissive, Humble, and devotedly faithful Servant, at your Command, in the 64th year of his Age, and shall never, while I live, cease to testify my Gratitude for the same.

I have the Honour to Remain, Most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Personages, with every Sense of the most Profound Respect, your very Grateful, and Devoted, Humble Servant,

C. H. SIMPSON,

In the 64th year of My Age, and Master of the Ceremonies

37 Years.

Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, July 1834.

In this address I also feel it my bounden duty to return my most Grateful thanks to that Classical Ornament of the present day, the Enlightened and Eminent Gentlemen of the British Press, for the Very distinguished mention which they have been pleased to make of My Humble Person, and the manner in which they so handsomely came forward, regardless of Politics, to give me their Enlightened and Generous support last Year, which Benefit is a thing Unparalleled in History.

Also to the Gentlemen of the Foreign Journals for the Very handsome and Magnificent manner in which

they spoke of My Address, and My Humble Person, in the Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Augsburg, and Hamburg Journals. The Public's Devoted Servant,
C. H. SIMPSON."

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

In the suburb of St Marcellus, in Paris, where, from a variety of circumstances, misery and disease more eminently reign, a poor man, in a kind of wretched stable, lay friendless and expiring. To him a venerable Capuchin friar came to administer consolation. The aged victim to penury and sickness was extended on a few disgusting rags; his pillow—his only covering a truss of straw. Not a chair was there—not an article of furniture. All had been sold in the first days of his illness for the sad nourishment of a little broth. On the black and naked walls there yet hung an axe and two saws. These, with his two arms, when he could move them, were all the fortune of the dying man. "My friend," said the confessor, "praise God for his goodness to you in this moment; for you are now going to quit a world in which you have experienced nothing but misery." "What misery?" answered the expiring sage, with a feeble voice; "you are mistaken; I have lived contented, and have never complained of my lot. Hatred and envy have been alike unknown to me. My sleep was ever peaceful. In the day, indeed, I was fatigued; but in the night I rested. Those tools could procure me a loaf, which I ate with pleasure, and never did I long for the tables of luxury. I have seen the rich more subject to diseases than others. I was poor, but till now I have been tolerably well. If I should recover (which I do not expect), I will return to my workshop, and continue to bless the hand of God, who has been my constant protector." The Capuchin, astonished, was at a loss how to behave to such a penitent. The wretched bed on which he saw him stretched bespoke not such sentiments of acquiescence in the divine disposition of things. However, resuming his discourse, "My son," said he, "although you have not been unhappy in life, you ought not the less to resolve to quit it, since we must submit to the will of God." "Certainly," answered the dying man, with a steady voice and eye; "death is the inevitable lot of all men. I have known how to live, and I know how to die. I bless God for having given me life, and for leading me to himself through the dark valley of death. I perceive the moment now—it is come—my good father—adieu."

APSLEY HOUSE.

THE following curious particulars relating to Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner, are not, we believe, generally known; they may, however, be relied on as facts. As George II. was riding on horseback one day in Hyde Park, he met an old soldier, whom he recognised as having fought under him at Dettingen, and with great condescension fell into discourse with him. In the course of conversation the king asked what he could do for him. "Why, please your majesty," returned the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple-stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade." The king complied with his request, and the grant was accordingly given him. The shed was erected, the situation was excellent, and the business of the old woman became brisk and prosperous. After some years the old soldier died, and the grant of the late king was entirely forgotten. The then lord chancellor, attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the old woman's shed, and laid out the ground as the site of a mansion. Alarmed, but not venturing to contend with such a high authority, she consulted with her son, who was articulated to an attorney, how she should act in such an extremity. The son calmed her fears by promising to find her a remedy as soon as the structure should be completed. When this was done, he waited on his lordship to request some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass on his mother's rights. The chancellor, when he perceived the claim to be reasonably founded, tendered a few hundreds of pounds as a compensation, which, however, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected, and on the next interview the son demanded £400 a-year as a ground rent, when his lordship acceded to the proposal, and Apsley House yields to this day the above ground rent to the descendants of an old applewoman.—*London papers several months ago.*

To prevent misapprehension, we have to state that the name which has been given to "the hero in Humble Life," in the first article of the last number, is fictitious, but that the editors will be happy to communicate the real name and address of the individual in question, to those who may feel disposed to reward merit of so extraordinary and so deserving a nature.

The present opportunity is taken of acknowledging the receipt of a pound from a gentleman in Dublin for the benefit of the soldier's widow, whose story appeared in the 136th number of the Journal, and which will be conveyed to her on the expiry of the beneficent allowance of the Duchess of St Alban's.

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